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CALLAN

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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

CALLAN

"ONCE A BIG MAN,
ALWAYS A BIG MAN" (WORKING TITLE)

PROD. NO. 1924
VTR/ABC/ 7648

Written by
LEE DUNNE

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JOHN KERSHAW

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Producer
REGINALD COLLIN

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VTR:	Thursday, 6th June, 1968. STUDIO TWO, TEDDINGTON.

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY
EVA WATT
ALBERT GEORGE WATT
CLIVE
BARMAN TED
CAPTAIN WEST

EXTRAS IN SMALL HOTEL, BAR, ETC.
SAILORS

SETS

HUNTER'S OFFICE
LONELY'S FLAT
WATT'S HOUSE (STUDY AND DINING-ROOM)
SMALL DEVON HOTEL (BAR, ENTRANCE HALL, STAIRCASE)

SMALL HARBOUR AND PIER (FIIM) (DAY)
VILLAGE STREET WITH HOTEL ENTRANCE (FIIM) DAY
BEACH FIIM (DAY)
COUNTRY ROADS (FIIM) DAY)

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PART ONE

1. EXT. SMALL HARBOUR PIER. DAY.

TWO MEN ARE LOADING EQUIPMENT, DIVING AND OXYACETYLENE, ON TO A SMALL NAVAL PINNACE OR TENDER. THEY ARE WATCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER, CAPTAIN WEST.

SOME WAY AWAY, THE OPERATION IS BEING OBSERVED BY CLIVE, AND OTHER LOCALS.

THE WORK DONE, THE MEN AND WEST CLIMB DOWN INTO THE BOAT AND PULL AWAY.

2. INT. WATT'S STUDY. DAY.

WATT IS READING AT HIS DESK. CLIVE STANDING BY.

CLIVE: Diving equipment and oxyacetylene, or something like that, sir. Cutting equipment anyway.

WATT LOOKS UP.

WATT: And you're sure they're after the Miss Ellen.

CLIVE: The whole village knows it, sir.

WATT: That's not enough, Clive.

CLIVE: I didn't want to ask the Captain, sir, but apparently he told Ted in the bar, himself.

WATT PUTS THE BOOK DOWN. GETS UP AND GOES TO THE WINDOW.

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CLIVE:(CONTD) Mind you, sir. I shouldn't think they'll find much now, not after all these years.

WATT: They obviously think it's important enough to look.

WATT TURNS TO CLIVE.

Damn them. I thought it'd been safely forgotten. We'd better see what we can do. Get me George Holt at the Admiralty.

CLIVE MOVES TO PHONE.

And then I'll talk to the Lord Lieutenant and that idiot of an M.P. if you can raise him from whatever bed he's in.

3. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND CALLAN.

CALLAN: I'm not a messenger boy, sir.

HUNTER: Devon's glorious at this time of year, Callan. Do you good.

CALLAN: Sir, this is a job for British Rail.

HUNTER: Not any more, I'm afraid. Beeching axed that bit of the line.

CALLAN: Got an answer for everything, haven't we, sir!

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HUNTER GRINS.

HUNTER: Just about, Callan.

CALLAN: Right, then tell me what's in the safe.

HUNTER: No idea. Not our concern.

CALLAN: Not much.

HUNTER: I don't follow.

CALLAN: Why's this Section involved?

HUNTER: We've been told to be.

CALLAN: Come on, sir. There's more to it than that.

HUNTER: I don't think so.

CALLAN: Look sir. If I'm going out on a job I like to know what it's all about.

HUNTER: And if I send you I like to tell you. Unfortunately, this time, I can't.

CALLAN: Sir!

HUNTER: (GETTING ANNOYED) Callan. I'm told to do things; you're told to do things. We both get on with them. Right.

CALLAN: Right sir.

HUNTER: Then get on with it.

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PAUSE.

HUNTER: (CONTD) All I can tell you is that we want that safe back here and that someone is trying to bring pressure to stop us.

CALLAN: Who?

HUNTER: I don't even know that.

CALLAN: Charming!

HUNTER REACTS. CALLAN GETS UP AND WALKS TO FILING CABINETS. HE TURNS.

That's great, isn't it! You can't even tell me what the opposition is.

HUNTER: Probably some local squire getting worried about the navy spoiling his view.

CALLAN: Yeah!

PAUSE.

HUNTER: If it was dangerous, Callan, I'd send Meres.

CALLAN: Thank you. Thank you very much. Sir.

HE MOVES BACK. SITS.

When do I go?

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HUNTER: (LOOKS AT WATCH) Hardly worth it today and it's going to take them another couple of days, anyway. Go down in the morning, Second class, Waterloo. Get a car at Axminster. And no funny hotels, Callan.

CALLAN: Of course not, sir. Wouldn't dream of it. What about transport back? Or do I walk?

HUNTER: Captain West will arrange a jeep, foryou.

CALLAN GETS UP AGAIN.

CALLAN: Don't know why they can't handle the whole thing!

HE GOES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

HUNTER: Have a good time, Callan. Get some sun while you've got the chance.

4. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. DAY.

EVA WATT SITS ON HIGH STOOL AT BAR, DRINKING GIN MARTINI, SHE SUCKS THE CHERRY AND THROWS THE STICK IN THE ASH-TRAY.
SHE IS WELL DRESSED, NOW, BUT LOOKS BORED.

5. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. DAY.

LONELY WATCHING HORSE-RACING ON TV. BOTTLE OF BEER ON TABLE. PAPER OPEN AT RACING PAGE. KNOCK AT DOOR. HE IGNORES IT, WAITING FOR RACE TO FINISH.

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CALLAN: (V/O) Lonely!

LONELY LOOKS ROUND. GETS UP. GOES TO DOOR. OPENS IT. LETS CALLAN IN. CLOSES DOOR AGAIN. GOES BACK TO RACE.

CALLAN: Lonely, old son.

LONELY: 'Ang on a minute, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN SITS, CAREFULLY.

RACE ENDS. LONELY FED UP, SWITCHES OFF SET.

CALLAN: Didn't know you were fond of gee-gees, Lonely. That where all your money goes?

LONELY: Money, Mr. Callan? I 'ain't got no money.

CALLAN: Not surprising is it, putting your money on three-legged 'orses.

LONELY: Mr. Callan. Don't make it worse. I was only having a little flutter.

CALLAN: All right, mate. All right. How've you been?

LONELY: Me? I haven't been well, Mr. Callan. Don't know what it is. I've been right off colour.

CALLAN: What you need, mate, is a spot of fresh air. Sea breezes, Lonely. Good sea air. Ozone.

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LONELY: I don't know about that....

CALLAN: Do with some in here, an' all!

LONELY: Haven't had much time, Mr. Callan....

CALLAN: Been busy, have you? Good. You'll be on form then, won't you?

LONELY: Mr. Callan, let me get a word in....

CALLAN: Ever been to Devon, Lonely?

LONELY: (SCARED) Devon? I'm not going there. No thank you.

CALLAN: I didn't say, Dartmoor, mate. I said Devon. There are other places, you know.

LONELY: I'm not going anywhere near that place, Mr. Callan. Not for love nor mon....

CALLAN PRODUCES AN ENVELOPE.

CALLAN: Bridford near Axminster. I want you to get down there and find out all you can about the local big-wigs.

LONELY: (EYES ON ENVELOPE) Big-wigs?

CALLAN: That's right. Who they are. What they are. What they do. Everything.

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LONELY: Sounds expensive, Mr. Callan. All them questions to ask the hotels and things.

CALLAN: No hotels, mate. There's only one and I'm staying there. You get yourself nice little bed and breakfast with an understanding landlady. She might let you have a bath.

HE GETS UP TO GO.

LONELY WATCHES HIM STILL HOLDING THE ENVELOPE.

LONELY: When,Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: Now mate. Soon as you can.

THROWS HIM THE ENVELOPE.

Here's the fare. I'll see you in the pub tomorrow night.

6. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

IMPRESSIVE SPORTS CAR PASSES. DRIVEN BY EVA WATT.

7. INT. WATT'S STUDY. EVENING.

WATT AT DESK, WORKING ON LETTER.
CLIVE ENTERS. WATT FINISHES SHERRY IN GLASS ON DESK.

WATT: Have you seen Eva, Clive?

CLIVE: No sir. Not since this morning, She came in from riding, and went out again, sir, in her car.

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WATT: Do you know where?

CLIVE: No sir. But Taunton, I should think. Or Exeter.

HE LOOKS AT THE GLASS.

More sherry, sir?

WATT: No.

CLIVE PICKS UP THE GLASS AND TURNS TO GO.

I don't know what she does with herself all day. Do you?

CLIVE: She seems very busy, sir. Always going somewhere. Very lucky young lady.

WATT: Um!

CLIVE GETS TO DOOR.

We may have to move, Clive.

CLIVE STOPS. LOOKS.

If they drag this safe up.

CLIVE: Can't Mr. Holt....?

WATT: Mr. Holt says he'll try. I know what that means.

CLIVE: But it was all a long time ago, sir. They can't do anything to you now even if...

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WATT: I wish I had your confidence, Clive. Unhappily, I know my colleagues, only too well. They'll do anything to save their skins.

CLIVE: What can they do?

WATT: To me, I suppose, very little. But they could ruin the business. And that would mean the end of all this - for Eva. And you, Clive.

PAUSE.

I shall sell up. Find somewhere else. Miles away. Even abroad.

CLIVE: Seems a bit drastic, sir. If I may say so.

WATT: Perhaps it does. And perhaps I should have done it years ago. By the look of things I've been the only one clinging on anyway. No one else has kept even a glimmer of the old dream alive.

CLIVE MOVES TO GO AGAIN.

I want to talk to Eva as soon as I can. Tell her when she comes in, will you!

8. EXT. HARBOUR PIER. DAY.

CALLAN AND CAPTAIN WEST TALKING ON QUAYSIDE. THE BOAT AND CREW WAIT BELOW FOR WEST TO DESCEND.

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WEST: Pretty grotty mess.

CALLAN: Found the safe?

WEST: Hardly found the boat, old boy. It was only a prawner you know. Ten tons, or so. Pretty well broken up by now.

CALLAN: Any idea when?

WEST: Once we've found the thing (SHRUGS) matter of hours really. It's not deep, just bloody dark.

CALLAN: You know where to find me.

WEST: Yes. Sure.

CALLAN TURNS TO GO.

What's it all about? Do you know?

CALLAN: Delivery boy, mate. That's all. Pick up a safe. Take it to London.

WEST: Oh. I thought you were Special Branch or something.

CALLAN: I'm special all right, Captain. Special mug. Still. Keeps me off the streets.

WEST: One way of doing it.

WEST SMILES AND TURNS TO GO. THIS TIME CALLAN TALKS ON.

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CALLAN: Thought she was bigger than a prawner.

WEST: The Miss Ellen? No. Not as far as I know. That's how she's charted.

CALLAN: Do you know the story?

WEST: The locals'll tell you. They're full of it.

CALLAN: Yeah?

WEST: Went down in the war. Storm. Smuggling I wouldn't wonder.

CALLAN: In the war?

WEST: Heavens, yes. That didn't make much difference. (LAUGHS) One of the crew survived. Still lives in Cornwall. He'd tellyou, if you really want to know.

HE GETS TO LADDER.

Cost you a jar or two, of course.

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND GRINS.

CALLAN: Not worth it. I'm not that interested.

CALLAN WALKS AWAY. ON HIS FACE GREAT INTEREST.

PULL BACK TO FIND CLIVE WATCHING, FROM A DISTANCE.

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9. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. DAY.

LONELY AND BARMAN, BOTH WITH DRINKS, THOUGH BARMAN IS KEEPING HIS DISTANCE.

LONELY: Big house, ain't it?

BARMAN: Mr. Watt's? Oh ar. It's big all right.

LONELY: Retired, is he?

BARMAN: Don't rightly know about that. He don't work mind. But then, couldn't exactly say he's retired from work neither. He hasn't done much, not since afore the war.

LONELY: Gawd blimey. Straight up!

BARMAN: Big feller once, you know. M.P.

LONELY: Yeah?

BARMAN: Cabinet or summat! Until he went to prison.

LONELY: Prison.

BARMAN: Well, a camp. I don't know the full details but it had to do with the war.

LONELY: Foreign, is he?

BARMAN: No, no. It was just, politics. You know how it is.

LONELY: Yeah!

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BARMAN: Lovely daughter, too. Real lady, she is. Often in 'ere. Rides horses.

10. INT. STUDY. WATT'S HOUSE. DAY.

WATT AND EVA AT LUNCH.

WATT: Eva, I've tried everyone. There's nothing doing. You can't stop the whole Admiralty in full sail.

EVA: But surely....

WATT: But surely nothing. They say they've tried. I know they're scared, every one of them. And they're leaving me to take the knocks.

EVA: You sound pretty scared yourself.

WATT: I don't fancy giving all this up.

EVA: (LAUGHS) Why should you?

WATT: Eva, I've been trying to tell you - for God's sake listen. If that list comes up, if the Government gets hold of it, then we'll have to go.

EVA: First of all, they won't get it. And secondly, if they do it won't be very legible after twenty-five years under water. Honestly. (SHE DRINKS) Sometimes I think you're quite stupid.

WATT: The list was sealed in an oilskin pack.

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EVA: So! It was sealed. Ll right. They find your name on a list. What are they going to do? You don't hold any office. You're not important.

WATT: Thank you.

EVA: Well, come off it daddy. You know very well you're not. Except you've got ten timesas much money as any of these so-called ex-colleagues of yours.

WATT: That's precisely why I shall be in real trouble. Personal trouble, Eva. Not political. We shall be hounded out of house and home.

EVA: Ridiculous!

WATT: I've seen it happen to other people.

PAUSE.

I'm the only one on the list who isn't in politics or the Civil Service. They can all pull strings. I can't. Not any longer. I've found that out. Today. And remember, my name is on the top of that list. And I'll be the number one scape-goat. There's nothing people love better than throwing dirt at rich men.

EVA: (GETS UP) I'm going out. When you've got something serious to tell me, let me know.

WATT: (QUITE STRONGLY) Eva.

SHE TURNS.

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EVA: What?

WATT: Sit down.

PAUSE.

Please.

PAUSE.

I just wated to warn you, my dear. We may have toleave here. Soon. That's all.

EVA: That's all! Just because a lot of old men- old men, daddy, because that's what you are, isn't it, a tired,weak old man - just because a lot of old men have got their names on some stupid, ancient list. Who cares! I wish your dear old hero could see you now. He'd be proud, daddy Watt. He'd be so proud.

CLIVE ENTERS WITH COFFEE TRAY.

EVA TURNS TO HIM.

WATT: Thank you, Clive.

CLIVE PUTS THE TRAY DOWN BUT DOES NOT GO.

CLIVE: There's someone arrived from London, Now, sir.

WATT: Here?

CLIVE: In the village.

EVA: And ?

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CLIVE LOOKS AT HER. THEN BACK TO WATT FOR APPROVAL.

Strangers come in and out of here the whole year round, Clive. Didn't you know?

CLIVE: Not.....

EVA: It is the sea-side.

CLIVE: They don't all go prowling down the harbour talking to Captain West. (TO WATT) His name's Callan. He's booked in at the hotel

WATT LOOKS AT EVA.

WATT: Now, do you believe it's serious?

SHE SHRUGS.

EVA: If you want to run away, you can. As far as you like. I'm staying here. This is where I live. It's where I belong.

END OF PART ONE.

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PART TWO

11. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. EVENING.

LONELY SITTING ALONE, AWAY FROM BAR. BARMAN AND LOCALS CHATTING. CALLAN ENTERS. SEES LONELY BUYS BEER AND GOES TO JOIN HIM. LONELY IS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

LONELY: Good evening, Mr. Callan. I've been waiting, like you said.

CALLAN LOOKS AT EMPTY GLASSES ON LONELY'S TABLE.

CALLAN: Yes mate, I can see that. Well?

LONELY: I don't much like this fresh air stuff, Mr. Callan. It don't 'arf make me cough. You should have heard me this morning.

CALLAN: Yeah! Sorry I missed it. Is that all you've been waiting to tell me?

LONELY: No Mr. Callan. No. (HE LOOKS ROUND) It's been very expensive, though, getting information.

CALLAN: Oh dear. I am sorry about that, mate.

LONELY, REALISING THAT HE IS NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE WITH THIS APPROACH, GIVES UP.

LONELY: There's a chap lives up the hill. Big house. Used to be an M.P.

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CALLAN: A what?

LONELY: You know, Member of Parliament.

CALLAN: Yeah!

LONELY: High up, he was.

CALLAN: On the hill?

LONELY: No Mr. Callan. In the government. Before he went inside.

CALLAN: Inside?

LONELY: Yeah. Something to do with the war. Didn't quite get that bit.

CALLAN: What else?

LONELY: Well, there's this ship. Bit of a mystery that is.

CALLAN: Yeah! I've heard about it.

LONELY: Sunk it was, Mr. Callan. In a storm.

CALLAN: I know, Lonely, all about it. Thanks very much.

LONELY: The navy's trying to get it up., Mr. Callan. It s full of bombs.

CALLAN: Bombs?

LONELY: That's what they say, Mr. Callan. It sank in the war.

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CALLAN: What else do they say?

LONELY: They reckon it'll blow the place to bits if it's moved, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Do they?

LONELY: Yes, they do.

CALLAN: Any other bits of gossip?

LONELY: Oh no, Mr. Callan. I don't listen to gossip.

THERE IS A LOUD EXPLOSION SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE. GLASSES CRASH, ETC. CALLAN RUSHES TO THE DOOR.

12. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES.

HUNTER: Chap called Watt. Member of Labour Government in '29. Changed sides. Then got himself sacked from the Shadow Cabinet. Detained during the War under the Defence Regulations. Nazi sympathiser.

MERES: Still, sir?

HUNTER: All we know is that he heads a large Investment Corporation and he's got this large house in Devon right on top of the spot where this blasted ship sank.

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MERES: Where Callan is, sir?

HUNTER: Go and give him a hand, will you. May be a wild-goose chase but you know how it is, these sort of people call in their little mercenaries and we've got half the country up in arms about violence and brutality and god knows what else. Someone's already tried to stop the navy. They blew up a salvage tender last night.

MERES: Friend Watt?

HUNTER: Could be, Meres.

MERES: Sounds the type to turn nasty, sir, if he doesn't get his own way.

13. INT. SMALL HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY.

CALLAN AND WEST. LADY WITH HOOVER IN BAR BEYOND.

WEST: Sorry about this, but it means a morning lost.

CALLAN: Any ideas?

WEST: Not for me to say really, but it must have been sabotage. Fuel tanks don't just blow up.

CALLAN FROWNS.

CALLAN: Nobody seen, I suppose?

WEST SHAKES HIS HEAD.

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WEST: The (Navy Police) are down there now, but I doubt if they'll find anything, helpful.

CALLAN: It's always the same, isn't it? A simple, ordinary little job they tell you. Which means yuu walk right in to.....

WEST WAITS FOR HIM TO FINISH. BUT HE SHRUGS.

They always make it worse for themselves in the end, anyway.

WEST FROWNS.

WEST: I must push off. There's a craft on it's way round from Plymouth now, so we should be under way again this afternoon.

14. INT. WATT'S STUDY. DAY.

WATT COUNTS OUT MONEY AND GIVES IT TO CLIVE.

WATT: Let him have this and say thanks very much.

WATT: I'm not sure it'll've done any good but it was a try. Tell him that, anyway. Personally I think it was an idiotic notion but don't say that to him, for god's sake.

CLIVE: No.

EVA ENTERS.

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EVA: I hope that wasn't your crazy doing last night, daddy?

WATT: Last night?

EVA: Someone blew up the naval pinnace.

WATT: Is that what it was? (HE LOOKS AT CLIVE AND NODS.) Thank you Clive.

CLIVE: Thank you, sir. Shall I get your breakfast Miss Eva?

EVA: Just coffee. I'll have it in here.

CLIVE: Very well, Miss.

CLIVE GOES.

EVA: Was it you?

WATT: Why are you so interested?

EVA: Because it was a stupid thing to do.

WATT: I heard it was an accident.

EVA: So you know about it.

PAUSE.

WATT: It was an old boy from Polperro. He thought he was helping.

EVA: Polperro! That's miles away.

WATT: He survived when Miss Ellen went down. That's where he lives now.

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EVA: And how did he know they were trying to salvage the safe?

WATT: None of us do, Eva. You pointed that out yesterday.

EVA: Don't be evasive.

WATT: Clive told him.

EVA: Whatever for?

WATT: He's an old man, Eva. It could upset his life, too.

EVA: You're not trying to tell me that some decrepit old Cornish fisherman was another top man on the list.

WATT: He did a great deal for us in the war. Crossed the Channel many times, illegally.

EVA: Bully for him.

CLIVE ENTERS WITH COFFEE. HE PUTS IT ON TABLE AND POURS SOME FOR EVA.

CLIVE: Sir? (TO WATT, INDICATING COFFEE)

WATT: Yes. Thank you. I will.

CLIVE POURS ANOTHER CUP.

EVA: I honestly don't know what's the matter with you.

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SHE GETS UP AND GOES TO THE WINDOW.

EVA: (CONTD) What happened to the man on the list, father? The man who was tough; big. Good enough to take over the country. Or were you always a little man, after all? Is that why you were chosen? Are you a 'yes' man deep down?

WATT: You know nothing, Eva.

EVA: I know enough to handle this little problem.

WATT: This is my problem, not yours.

EVA: It's mine if you want to sell up.

CLIVE LOOKS AT WATT.

15. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. DAY.

CALLAN AND LONELY IN CORNER.

CALLAN: Polperro. It's in Cornwall.

LONELY: Gawd blimey, Mr. Callan. How do I get there?

CALLAN: I don't know. Swim if you like. Maybe do you good!

LONELY GIVES HIM A DIRTY LOOK.

LONELY: Anyhow, what's his name, Mr. Callan?

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CALLAN: Harry Vernon. He was on the Miss Ellen when she sank.

LONELY: Miss who?

CALLAN: Miss Ellen, Lonely. The ship they're looking for.

LONELY: Oh!

CALLAN: I want to know all about him. How he lives. Where. Money. Politics. Anything you can.

LONELY: All right then.

CALLAN: Good. Scarper. And keep out of trouble.

LONELY: You know me Mr. Callan.

HE DOES NOT MOVE.

CALLAN: What are you waiting for? You've had your ration. (INDICATING EMPTY GLASS)

LONELY: It's not that, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: What then?

LONELY: Well, it's my landlady. She wants her money in advance.

CALLAN: I don't know Lonely. What do you do with it?

HE GIVES HIM A COUPLE OF FIVERS. LONELY SMILES, TOUCHES HIS CAP, GETS UP AND GOES.

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16. INT. WATT'S STUDY. DAY.

WATT AND EVA.

EVA: You've been playing at Squire for years. Why don't you now? Callan's important. So are you. It's quite reasonable.

WATT: I shouldn't think he's the least bit important by the sound of things. Just a man doing a job.

EVA: Then it'll flatter him.

WATT: For what that's worth!

EVA: Father, have you given up totally?

WATT: I just don't see what you hope to gain.

EVA: It'll show us the sort of people we're dealing with.

WATT: At best, Special Branch. At worst, Intelligence.

EVA: All right. So it's worst! In which case we must get the safe first.

WATT: Don't be ridiculous. How could we?

EVA: Look father, let's find out where we are exactly. You can't plan anything if you don't know the facts. (SHOUTS) Clive!

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WATT: I wish you'd leave it alone, Eva. There's nothing we can do. All we can hope is that theydon't find the thing. If they do.....

EVA: If they do a lot of heads will roll.

WATT: Mine certainly.

EVA: So you say. (SHOUTS AGAIN) Clive.

WATT: If you want him why don't you ring the bell?

HE GETS UP AND RINGS A BELL PUSH IN THE WALL.

EVA: I shall go down this afternoon and ask him to dinner myself.

CLIVE ENTERS.

Clive, get my guns I'm going shooting.

CLIVE AND WATT REACT. CLIVE, ESPECIALLY, RATHER FRIGHTENED.

17. INT. SMALL HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY.

CALLAN ENTERS FROM STREET, GOES TOWARDS STAIRS. BARMAN EMERGES.

BARMAN: Oh Mr. Callan, sir.

CALLAN STOPS.

There's a gentleman upstairs sir. Says he's a friend of yours.

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CALLAN: Of mine?

BARMAN: Yes sir. And there's been a phone call too, sir, from Miss Watt.

CALLAN: Miss Watt?

BARMAN: She's the daughter, up at the big house. She wondered if you were going to be in this afternoon. She wants to see you.

CALLAN: Miss Watt wants to see me?

BARMAN: That's what she said.

CALLAN FROWNS. LOOKS UPSTAIRS. THEN AT BARMAN.

CALLAN: Upstairs you say?

BARMAN: That's right?

CALLAN: My room?

BARMAN: Oh no sir. He's got his own room. Number five. He'll be down in a minute I expect. Would you like to ring Miss Watt?

MERES COMES DOWN THE STAIRS. CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM.

MERES: Hello David old boy!

CALLAN: What the hell are you doing here ?

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MERES: Just thought I'd look you up. Make sure you weren't up to anything. (TO BARMAN) Is the bar open?

BARMAN: It's after three o'clock sir. But you can sit in there, if you like.

CALLAN AND MERES GO INTO BAR. THEY SIT IN A CORNER. BARMAN FOLLOWS THEM.

Can I get either of you anything?

MERES: I'll have a Scotch.

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BARMAN: Right sir.

HE GOES.

MERES: Hunter just thought you might like your hand held.

CALLAN: Getting a conscience is he?

MERES: Something's turned up since you came down.

CALLAN: Like what?

MERES: A list, old boy.

CALLAN: In the safe?

MERES NODS.

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MERES: Someone's been browsing through German records. A historian or something. No one official. Turned up this note about a Cornish fishing boat, the Miss Ellen. Apparently she made regular trips back and forth during the war, smuggling brandy and carrying messages for Herr Hitler. This one was a list of all the collaborators and puppets who were planning to take over the country for him.

CALLAN: And some of them are big-wigs now?

MERES: We don't know old boy. Names weren't mentioned. But it's quite likely.

THE BARMAN RETURNS WITH THE SCOTCH. LOOKS AT CALLAN.

BARMAN: Miss Watt has just come in, sir, if you want to see her.

MERES LOOKS AT CALLAN AND SMILES.

MERES: Not been wasting much time, old boy. Have we?

EVA APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. LOOKS STEADILY AT CALLAN. THEN SMILES AND MOVES FORWARD.

MERES GETS UP. COLLECTS HIS GLASS.

I'll see you later. Perhaps!

HE GOES.

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18. INT. WATTS' STUDY. DAY.

YOUR FAMOUS NOSTALGIA SCENE. WATT LOOKS THROUGH CUPBOARD IN BOTTOM OF DESK. IT INCLUDES PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIMSELF WITH HITLER: HEMSELF WHEN YOUNG: A COPY OF MEN KAMPF: A MEDAL: A GERMAN PISTOL: ETC. ETC.

19. EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

MERES WANDERS ALONG THE PIER AS THE NAVAL PINNACE COMES IN AND TIES UP. WEST CLIMBS UP THE LADDER.

MERES SMILES AND SHOWS HIM A PASS.

WEST: Not another one? Where's friend Callan?

MERES: He's busy just now. Any luck?

WEST: Yes. They've located it.

MERES: Have they! Good.

WEST: Should be up by nightfall. But we don't want anymore sabotage. I won't bring it in till the morning.

MERES: Fine. We'll see you then.

WEST: Right. Will you want a driver with the jeep?

MERES: No thanks. Not unless she's in skirts.

WEST: (GRINS) He wouldn't be.

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20. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. DAY

CALLAN AND EVA SITTING IN SAME CORNER. SHE IS DRINKING MARTINI.

EVA: As I say, it's just that father thought you might welcome an evening out. It's a pretty dull place unless you know people.

CALLAN: It's very kind of him.

EVA: And, to be absolutely honest, I'd love you to come myself. We hardly ever have visitors these days.

CALLAN: This evening?

EVA: Yes.

PAUSE

Please say you will. I'd be awfully grateful.

CALLAN: All right. Thank you very much, Miss Watt. I'd like to.

SHE GETS UP

EVA: Good.

HE GETS UP

Have you got any transport?

CALLAN: No. I'm afraid I haven't but I can soon fix something.

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EVA: Don't worry. I'll fetch you. About seven-thirty. Don't dress up.

CALLAN SMILES

CALLAN: Right.

EVA: Bye!

SHE GOES

CALLAN WALKS AFTER HER INTO THE HOTEL HALLWAY. A PHONE RINGS SOMEWHERE. HE WATCHES HER DRIVE OFF. HE TURNS TO GO UPSTAIRS. BARMAN APPEARS

BARMAN: Ph ne, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Dear oh dear. (SMILES) I thought it was supposed to be peaceful down here!

BARMAN SMILES

BARMAN: I'll plug it through.

HE POINTS TO PHONE ON HALL TABLE AND GOES. PHONE RINGS. CALLAN PICKS IT UP.

CALLAN: Hello!

LONELY: (VO) Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Hang on.

HE PUTS PHONE DOWN AND LOOKS ROUND CAREFULLY. HE THEN LOOKS INTO OFFICE, CLOSES DOOR AGAIN AND RETURNS TO PHONE

Yes?

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LONELY: (VO) It's that fisherman, Mr. Callan. He's in hospital.

CALLAN: Go on.

LONELY: (VO) I saw his wife. She says he come 'ome last night. Late. Covered in burns. All his clothes an' that. Said he'd had an accident with some diesel.

CALLAN: Which hospital Lonely?

LONELY: (VO) Plymouth General.

CALLAN: Right. Now listen.

A DOOR OPENS SOMEWHERE. CALLAN STOPS. WAITS. BARMAN WALKS ACROSS HALLWAY AND GOES UPSTAIRS

Get back here as soon as you can and go up to the big house. Mr. Watt's place. Don't go in. Just keep out of sight. I'm going up there to dinner. I want to know whether anybody else comes or goes. Okay?

LONELY: (VO) Yes, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Good.

LONELY: (VO) Mr. Callan. What about my dinner?

CALLAN: I'll save you some scraps.

PUTS PHONE DOWN.

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21. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER ON PHONE

HUNTER: Well get Meres down to Plymouth. Find out all he can.

CALLAN: (VO) What about the dinner, sir? Shall I go?

HUNTER: She's pretty, isn't she? Why do you ask?

CALLAN: (VO) Just thought I'd let you know. That's all. You do like to know, sir, so you're always telling us.

CLICK OF PHONE AS CALLAN PUTS IT DOWN.

22. INT. WATT'S STUDY. EVENING

WATT IS SITTING WITH GLASS OF SHERRY. HE HAS DRESSED FOR DINNER.

EVA ENTERS, ALSO DRESSED UP. CALLAN FOLLOWS. HE HAS NOT CHANGED AND SHOWS A CERTAIN EMBARRASSMENT.

WATT STANDS UP

EVA: Daddy, this is David Callan.

CALLAN: Good evening, sir.

THEY SHAKE HANDS

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WATT: Welcome, Mr. Callan. Glad you could join us.

CALLAN: Good of you to ask me.

EVA SITS. WATT MOVES TO TABLE TO POUR DRINKS.

WATT: Sherry?

CALLAN: Thank you.

WATT: Or would you prefer Scotch?

CALLAN: No sir, Sherry'll do.

CALLAN GOES TO WINDOW TO LOOK OUT

Nice place.

WATT: We think so. Bit quiet, perhaps especially for Eva. But I've been very happy here.

EVA: And will be, father.

CALLAN: I was down this way in the war.

WATT: Were you?

CALLAN: Evacuee?

EVA: That's a long time ago.

CALLAN: Yeah! They thought we'd be better down here, away from the bombing.

HE TURNS TO LOOK AT THEM

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CALLAN: Nasty all that, wasn't it? The war. Beats me why they ever do it.

WATT: Ideals, Callan. There've always been wars for ideals.

CALLAN: Ordinary people seem to get left out though, don't they sir?

WATT: It's inevitable. Progress can't stop, I think, for the whims of your 'ordinary' people.

WATT SMILES. CALLAN DOES NOT

CALLAN: Maybe I'm a bit prejudiced.

HE GOES TO SIT

My mother was killed by a Gerry bomb. She was 'ordinary'.

PAUSE

It's bound to make you a bit bitter.

PAUSE

EVA GETS UP.

EVA: I'll go and see how the dinner is.

WATT: Oh, Clive'll tell us, dear, when it's ready.

EVA: Never mind. I'd like to see.

SHE GOES

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WATT: You with the Admiralty, Callan?

CALLAN: Admiralty? No.

WATT: I'm sorry. My mistake. But you know how it is in a small village. The gossip soon spreads. Everyone thought you had something to do.....

CALLAN: With the Salvage operation? No. Only indirectly. I'm a scrap dealer. Come to see if I can pick anything up.

WATT LAUGHS

WATT: I'd've hardly thought a Cornish prawner would yield much for you chaps.

CALLAN: You'd be surprised, sir.

PAUSE

Got some nice bits of junk yourself, if I may say so.

WATT: Yes?

CALLAN: Those old guns. Quite nice, some of them.

WATT: Oh those? They're my daughter's. I gave them to her - oh years ago. When we first came down here. Thought there'd be some shooting. But there's very little.

CALLAN: German, aren't they?

WATT: The guns?

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PAUSE

WATT: I really wouldn't know.

CALLAN: Amazing, isn't it? The things people have in the house without knowing it. I'm always coming across things like that.

EVA RETURNS

EVA: It's ready.

THE MEN RISE

WATT: Good. Let's go in, shall we.

THEY PASS INTO THE DINING ROOM, TALKING AS THEY GO.

CALLAN: I was just telling your father, Miss, they're nice old guns you've got in the hall.

EVA: Guns?

CALLAN: Quite valuable once.

EVA: Would you think so?

CALLAN: When they were working. Not much use now, I suppose, except to hang on a wall. Still, I could offer you something for them, if you were interested.

THEY ALL SIT. CLIVE WHEELS A TROLLEY IN AND SERVES SOUP.

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WATT: Mr. Callan's a dealer, dear. He's come down to salvage scrap from the ship.

CALLAN: Have you had them long? The guns.

EVA: They're not mine.

CALLAN LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER

CALLAN: Oh I'm sorry. I thought you said....

WATT: (EMBARRASSED) That's what comes of spoiling your children, Mr. Callan. She' doesn't even remember what I give her.

23. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. NIGHT

MERES IN CORNER, READING PAPER. LONELY ENTERS. GOES TO HIM.

LONELY: Excuse me, Mr. Meres.

MERES PUTS PAPER DOWN AND GRIMACES AT LONELY.

Could you do me a favour?

MERES: What's that, old son?

LONELY: Mr. Callan wants me up at the big house, Mr. Meres.

MERES FROWNS

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MERES: Hardly your social scene, Lonely. Is it?

LONELY: Not inside. Only watching. You know. In the road.

MERES: Well wrap up warm, old lad.

LONELY: No. The thing is, Mr. Meres, I've only just got back. I've been down in Cornwall, see. And I've been all this time getting back.

MERES: Glad I didn't know. I could have given you a lift.

LONELY: Yeah, well that's it, Mr. Meres. Could you just give me a lift up the hill? Only me feet's killing me. I've just got off the bus, see.

MERES: Standing all the way?

LONELY: Yeah, that's right. It in't arf a bother on these local buses, en' it?

MERES GRINS. PICKS UP HIS PAPER AGAIN

MERES: Sorry old son. Can't be done.

LONELY: But it's only just up.....

MERES: Too draughty to have all the windows wide open, Lonely, at this time of night.

LONELY TWISTS HIS CAP AND PULLS A FACE.

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24. INT. WATT'S STUDY. NIGHT

EVA, WATT AND CALLAN.

CALLAN STANDS BY THE WINDOW LOOKING OUT, WITH EVA.

CALLAN: It certainly is very nice. You're lucky, aren't you! Having all this.

WATT: I only hope we can manage to keep it.

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY.

Oh, you know. One thing and another. Taxes mainly. This and that. I run an Investment Corporation; it gets more and more difficult. The money markets these days are so sensitive, it only needs a whisper and your credit drops over-night.

CALLAN: I've never been much for big business, Mr. Watt. It's all to involved for me.

WATT: I used to enjoy it, at one time. But the prospect of losing a fortune is no longer very attractive. I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't be better off getting out and going to live abroad.

EVA: Let's not start all that daddy. We're staying here.

CALLAN: (SMILES AT WATT) It's not quite like home, sir. Is it? Abroad, I mean.

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WATT: I suppose you're right.

EVA: Of course he is.

PAUSE

CALLAN: Well, I'd better be going. Early start tomorrow.

EVA: Tomorrow?

CALLAN: Back to the smoke, as they say.

EVA: Already?

CALLAN: Afraid so! I've got what I came for. Can't afford to hang about, you know. Not in my line. Wish I could. Nice spot this. (GOES TO SHAKE WATT'S HAND) Anyway. Thanks very much for the evening. Very enjoyable.

EVA: I'll get my coat.

CALLAN: No, no. Don't bother Miss. I'll walk down. Do me good.

WATT: Thank you for coming, Callan.

HE HOLDS CALLAN'S HAND FOR SOME TIME

Think well of us 'provincials', back in the big city. We're not all ready for the scrap-yard, yet.

CALLAN GRINS

And, if you ever need any capital, you know - the chance to expand, something like that -

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WATT: (CONT.) well, now's the time. Here I am. And I'm ready to talk business.

CALLAN: Thank you. That's very kind.

WATT: We might do a deal of some kind, Callan. You and I.

HE LETS CALLAN'S HAND GO

CALLAN TURNS TO GO

Don't forget.

25. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR. NIGHT

MERES STILL IN CORNER. BAR NOW CLOSED. BARMAN COMES IN.

BARMAN: I'm just locking up, sir. Is there anything you'd like before I go to bed?

MERES LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

MERES: No thanks. But leave the door, will you. Mr. Callan's not in yet.

BARMAN: Of course sir. I'll say goodnight then.

MERES: Goodnight.

THE BARMAN GOES. AS HE DOES SO THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CALLAN ENTERS, SEES MERES, CROSSES THE HALL AND ENTERS THE BAR.

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CALLAN: Well? How's Polperro?

MERES: He's all right. Just a couple of burns. Nothing he wouldn't show his mother.

CALLAN: And?

MERES: He's very frightened.

CALLAN: Is he?

MERES: He thinks they'll put him away if that list is dragged up.

CALLAN: Is his name on it?

MERES: He's hardly your gauleiter, old boy.

CALLAN: What about last night?

MERES: Says it was his own idea.

CALLAN: Bloody amatuers. Was it?

PHONE RINGS IN THE HALL

MERES AND CALLAN TURN TO LOOK AT IT. IT RINGS ON.

Has he gone to bed?

MERES: Yes.

THEY BOTH LOOK AGAIN TOWARDS THE PHONE

MERES: He says he isn't a traitor, never was. And he only did it for the money.

CALLAN: Money?

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CALLAN GETS UP AND GOES TO THE PHONE

MERES: Your friends up the hill. Watt gave him a hundred quid.

CALLAN RAISES HIS EYEBROWS. PICKS UP THE PHONE

26. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

HUNTER ON PHONE, LOOKING 'LATE'

HUNTER: Callan?....What the devil's going on down there? ..... I know you've damn well been to dinner. Has Meres seen that blasted fisherman yet?...And?...Why the hell didn't you phone through before...Yes, I do think it's important. If friend Watt's name is on that list Callan, and it looks as if it must be...he what? Bribe? ...Good God, the man must have gone round the bend...On the other hand, he stands to lose thirteen million...What do you think? ...I want you back here, fast....Of course with the safe....And for God's sake don't go near them anymore.

27. INT. WATT'S STUDY. NIGHT

EVA AND WATT

EVA: At least you've always behaved intelligently, before.

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WATT: Men like Callan need money, Eva. And even if they don't, they think they do.

EVA: Daddy, you're an idiot. Callan's not a scrap merchant. You know damn well he's not. He's Security. Must be.

WATT: That doesn't make him incorruptible.

PAUSE

I don't think you understand what's happening, do you?

EVA: Of course I understand.

SHE TURNS AWAY

WATT: Can't you see (LOOKS ROUND) all this running away through my fingers, like sand.

EVA: No I can't.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM. AND IS BEGINNING TO SHOUT

All I see is some squirming little rat in a stupid trap.

WATT: (HE TOO BEGINS TO SHOUT) Do you begin to know what I'll lose if they drag this list up?

EVA: Yes I do.

WATT: Oh good. I'm pleased to hear it.

EVA: (HITTING THE POINT) You'll lose nothing, father. Nothing.

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WATT: Nothing.

PAUSE

FROM NOW ON THEY BEGIN TO SHOUT AT EACH OTHER IN A COVERSATION WHICH RISES AND FALLS LIKE A STORMING OCEAN. OFTEN THEIR WORDS OVER-LAP: PHRASES, UNDERSTOOD, ARE LEFT UNSAID. IT IS EMOTIONAL, CHARGED WITH NOSTALGIA, LOST HOPE, GREED, AMBITION.

WATT: Thirty years ago...

EVA: I don't want to know....

WATT: A great career, Eva. A great political.....

EVA: For God's sake, leave it alone, father.

WATT: You know what it's like on a horse...

EVA: A horse!

WATT: Holding the reins. Holding that power, making it work for you. That's what it's like only a thousandfold, a thousandfold Eva, ten thousandfold greater. Controlling people. A nation.

EVA: You never made it.

WATT: No.

EVA: I don't want to know about your politics, father. They're not important.

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WATT: To me, Eva. They're important to me. I was a politician.

EVA: As you have spent thirty years telling me.

PAUSE

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WATT: You make one mistake in your life, just one....

EVA: You're giving up, aren't you?

WATT: I could have swept through that '47 election.

EVA: Aren't you?

WATT: No. I am not. (PAUSE) It doesn't matter how old the wound, they'll open it up again. They'll tear it apart.

EVA: Only if you show them where it is.

WATT: They know, Eva. That's why I've got to buy them out. There's no alternative.

EVA: It won't work. You know it won't. All Callan wants is to destroy you.

WATT: All Callan wants is to do his job. He doesn't need any motives. Whatever happens to me will happen in spite of him....

EVA: Unless you buy him off!

WATT: What else can I do?

EVA: It's running away with you, isn't it? Septic. One little rip and the whole thing gives way.

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WATT: This thing has been round me like a ghost, Eva. Always there, round some corner. As the years have gone I began to think.....

EVA: You've given up thinking. That's the trouble. You've capitulated. Given in to some stupid, old man's....

WATT: Shut up.

EVA: No. (PAUSE) I will not. (PAUSE) You've sat and watched that headland day after day, worrying. Waiting for someone to drag up that bloody safe. You've wanted to be exposed, haven't you? It goes with your breed. It wouldn't do, would it, not to be a martyr. That's all you want. You actually want someone to nail you up. That's what makes you important, isn't it? What do you think Hitler would have done to you? Given you a crown? Called you bloody sir?

PAUSE

WATT: Get out. (EVA STARES AT HIM) Get out. (THUMPS THE TABLE)

EVA: I am not going to let you martyr yourself. You are going to stand up like the man you think you are and take whatever they chuck at you. And nothing will happen, father. Nothing. We don't need to lose anything.

PAUSE

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WATT: That's all that really matters to you, isn't it! The money? (LOOKS ROUND) This!

EVA STARES AT HIM A MOMENT

EVA: Yes. It is. (SLOWLY) all that matters.

SHE GOES. SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

WATT THINKS A MOMENT, THEN MOVES TO OPEN A DRAWER.

28. INT. SMALL HOTEL BAR, NIGHT.

CALLAN AND MERES ON THE WAY UPSTAIRS. THERE IS A LOUD, INSISTENT KNOCKING AT THE FRONT DOOR. CALLAN HESITATES. THEN GOES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT. IT IS LONELY.

CALLAN: What do you want?

LONELY: You'd better come Mr. Callan. Quick. There's someone been shot.

END OF PART TWO

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PART THREE

29. INT. WATT'S STUDY. NIGHT

WATT IS SLUMPED ACROSS THE DESK. GUN IN RIGHT HAND. EVA IS LOOKING AT HIM WITH DISGUST. CLIVE STANDS NEARBY.

CLIVE: I'll call the police, Miss.

EVA: No.

CLIVE: But.....

EVA: I said 'NO' Clive. (PAUSE) We've got to get that safe, first. It must be in the village somewhere. Callan doesn't go till the morning. (CLIVE FROWNS, QUESTIONINGLY) Come on. Don't pretend you don't know what it's all about. The list, Clive.

CLIVE: Miss?

EVA: (THREATENINGLY) Listen, you're in this up to your little Nazi neck. So don't think you can creep out of it.

CLIVE: But you'll have to tell someone, Miss (LOOKING AT THE BODY) sooner or later.

EVA: Later. (PAUSE) I was out. You didn't hear a thing. No one needs to find him until the morning.

CLIVE: But.....

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EVA: Get me a drink.

CLIVE: Drink....Miss?

EVA: (SARCASTICALLY) At a time like this!

SHE GOES TO HELP HERSELF, NOISILY, AND POURS A LARGE BRANDY.

CLIVE: I think you're wrong, Miss. You should tell the police.

EVA: I've every intention to.

CLIVE: (QUITE STRONGLY) Now.

SHE GLARES AT HIM.

EVA: (WITH DELIBERATION) When I am ready. (PAUSE) I want you to go down to the harbour. Find out if the safe's there. If not, go to the pub.

CLIVE: Miss, don't be ridiculous. How....?

EVA: Do as I tell...

CLIVE: No, Miss Eva, I will not. Your father....

EVA: Was a fool...

CLIVE: A good man.....

EVA: He was an old man. And he was finished.

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CLIVE: He still had a lot of dignity.....

EVA: Dignity! (LAUGHS) Where? (SHE LOOKS AGAIN AT THE BODY) He hasn't had any dignity for years. (BACK TO CLIVE) He was frightened. Frightened that a thousand puny little investors would take their money out of his pockets. Call that dignity? It wouldn't have been so bad if he'd done it for the cause, or something. If it had been some grand political gesture.

CLIVE: He hasn't deprived you, Miss, all these years. If I may say so.

EVA: And he's not going to now. Not now, Clive. That's why you're going to help me, isn't it? Because you won't want to mess up your neat little life, either. Will you?

THE FRONT DOOR BELL STARTLES THEM BOTH.
PAUSE
IT RINGS AGAIN.
CLIVE MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

EVA: Wait!

AGAIN IT RINGS

CLIVE: The lights on, Miss. I must.

HE GOES.

CALLAN'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD IN A BRIEF GREETING TO CLIVE.
A MOMENT LATER, HE ENTERS THE STUDY ALONE. LOOKS AT THE BODY, THEN AT EVA.

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MOVES QUICKLY TO WATT AND SEES THE HEAD WOUND AND THE GUN.
LOOKS ENQUIRINGLY AT EVA.

CALLAN: What happened?

EVA: (SLOWLY. BITTERLY) My father, Mr. Callan, has shot himself. If that's anything to do with you.

HE LOOKS AT HER SHARPLY.

CALLAN: Police?

EVA: Of course. Unfortunately, the nearest are ten miles away. It takes them some time to get here.

CALLAN: Touched anything?

EVA: You're being very...

CALLAN: Aggressive Miss? Yes, I get like that, sometimes. Have you touched anything?

EVA: No. I have not.

HE TURNS BACK TO THE BODY.

CALLAN: Any note? Reason? I mean, you know, why?

EVA: Has it really got anything to do with you? (PAUSE) I appreciate your help, Mr. Callan. But I think you should leave this to me. It is my problem.

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CALLAN: Yes. Of course. Sorry.
Look, you just pop upstairs and put something warm on. I'll wait till you get down.
They may have got here by then.

EVA HESITATES, NOT SURE WHAT TO DO.
CALLAN LOOKS AT HER AND SMILES, CASUALLY.

EVA: Who do you think you....?

CALLAN: Only trying to help, Miss.

EVA: Look, what are you doing here anyway?

CALLAN: I.....

EVA: You've no right to come bursting....

CALLAN: (FIRMLY) I'm just trying to help, that's all. Now you get upstairs. It could be a long night. You'll be cold.

SHE STARES AT HIM. THEN SUDDENLY TURNS TO GO.
LOOKS AT HIM AGAIN. EXITS.

CALLAN IMMEDIATELY, AS IF WAITING FOR THE CHANCE, DARTS TO WATT'S BODY AND EXAMINES IT MORE CAREFULLY. HE THEN GOES RAPIDLY THROUGH THE POCKETS FINDING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A BUNCH OF KEYS WHICH HE LOOKS AT, THEN REPLACES.
A DOOR CLOSES SOMEWHERE. HE LOOKS ROUND.
WAITS: THEN CONTINUES HIS SEARCH. HE BEGINS TO LOOK THROUGH DRAWERS, AND THEN TO EXAMINE THE WALLS AND PICTURES.
A SLIGHT NOISE MAKES HIM TURN TO THE DOOR.
IT IS OPENING CAUTIOUSLY, LONELY LOOKS IN.

LONELY: Mr. Callan!

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CALLAN: What the hell do you want?

LONELY: She's gone Mr. Callan.
I thought I'd better tell you.

CALLAN: Gone? (HE JUMPS TO THE WINDOW)

LONELY: And that Clive feller. He crep out a bit back. (LONELY MOVES HESITANTLY TO THE BODY) Poor old bastard! (LOOKS AT CALLAN) Done himself in, has he?

CALLAN: What's it look like, mate?

LONELY: I don't know what it looks like, Mr. Callan. I just thought.

CALLAN: Stop thinking and tell me what happened.

LONELY: She just went, in her motor. Pushing it she was, till it got on the hill. Then she jumped in.

CALLAN IS FURIOUS - WITH HIMSELF.

CALLAN: Bloody fool.

LONELY: Sorry, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Me, mate. Me! I hope Meres is there, that's all.

LONELY: What you on about?

CALLAN: Never you mind.

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HE BEGINS TO WANDER ROUND AGAIN LOOKING AT THE DESK AND OBVIOUSLY SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

LONELY: What you after, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: I don't know, Lonely. There's something.

LONELY BEGINS, IN TURN, TO LOOK AT THINGS. HE TAKES A PAIR OF GLOVES FROM HIS POCKET, PUTS THEM ON, AND THEN PICKS UP A SIGNET RING.

LONELY: Look at that, Mr. Callan. (HE SHOWS THE SEAL) That's a swastika, that is. (HE PUTS IT DOWN WHEN CALLAN SHOWS NO INTEREST) Like in the war.

CALLAN: Get on!

LONELY: 'Ere, you're not involved with that lot, Mr. Callan, are yer?

CALLAN IS INSPECTING WALLS AND PICTURES. HE FINDS A SAFE HIDDEN BEHIND A PORTRAIT. LOOKS ROUND. THINKS. GOES TO BODY AND REMOVES THE KEYS.

LONELY PICKS UP A SILVER PHOTOGRAPH FRAME AND LOOKS AT IT.

LONELY: Smashing bird.

IT IS A PICTURE OF LVA.

CALLAN: Put that down.

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HE DOES SO, HURRIEDLY. CALLAN GOES TO SAFE, TRIES KEY. OPENS SAFE. TAKES OUT BUNDLE OF PAPERS. LOOKS QUICKLY THROUGH THEM AND REMOVES AN ENVELOPE. HE OPENS IT. LONELY MOVES IN TO SEE.

CALLAN: All right. All right. Nothing to do with you, mate. Push off.

LONELY: But Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: I said, scarper.

LONELY: It's the middle of the bleedin' night.

CALLAN: Get off back to London, mate. I'll see you there.

LONELY: I haven't had nothing to eat, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Oh dear, oh dear. I said - out.

LONELY TURNS TO THE DOOR.

CALLAN PUSHES THE PAPERS BACK IN THE SAFE, BUT POCKETS THE ENVELOPE. CLOSES THE SAFE.

CALLAN: 'Ere, Lonely. (LONELY TURNS. CALLAN GOES BACK TO THE BODY AND REPLACES THE KEYS. THEN GOES TO THE DOOR HIMSELF) Before you go, mate. Give the rozzers a ring.

LONELY: (FACE FALLS) Rozzers!

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CALLAN: Make sure they get over here. I don't think she's called them at all.

TURNS TO DOOR.

Then scram.

LONELY: But, Mr. Callan....

CALLAN: Tell them.

HE GOES.

AS LONELY TURNS TO THE PHONE THE BODY OF WATT SUDDENLY FALLS TO THE FLOOR, FROM THE CHAIR.

30. EXT. SMALL HARBOUR. MORNING.

CALLAN AND MERES ARE SITTING IN JEEP, WAITING ON THE PIER.

MERES: She drove up, Took a look. And went.

CALLAN: And she didn't see you?

MERES: Quite sure old boy, (PAUSE) Wasting her time anyway. West isn't bringing the safe in until our transport had arrived.

CALLAN: That it?

CALLAN POINTS.
A NAVAL PINNACE IS APPROACHING THE HARBOUR. IT COMES IN. TIES UP. CAPTAIN WEST CLIMBS THE LADDER FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THE TWO OTHER SAILORS ON BOARD.

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WEST: I see it got here then. (INDICATING THE JEEP)

MERES: Bright and early.

WEST: Must have some influence somewhere, you chaps. Never get this kind of service when I want transport.

THE SAILOR IS HAULING A ROPE, TIED TO THE SAFE WHICH HIS COLLEAGUE IS TRYING TO MANHANDLE UP.

CALLAN: What's it like?

WEST: (LOOKING DOWN) Hell of a mess. You'll have to blow it.

THE SAFE COMES IN, WITH SOME ASSISTANCE FROM MERES. THE TWO SAILORS LOAD IT INTO THE BACK ON THE JEEP. IT IS NOT A LARGE SAFE BUT AN AWKWARD BUNDLE, WRAPPED UP IN SACKING AND ROPE.

CALLAN: Thanks, Captain.

WEST: You off right away?

MERES: Long drive old son.

MERES GETS INTO THE DRIVERS' SEAT. CALLAN BESIDE HIM. THEY PULL AWAY.

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31. EXT. SMALL HOTEL. STREET FRONTAGE. MORNING.

CALLAN AND MERES PULL UP OUTSIDE. THEY LOOK ROUND THEN GO INSIDE HOTEL, LEAVING THE VEHICLE UNATTENDED.

32. INT. SMALL HOTEL. HALLWAY. MORNING.

CALLAN GOES TO HALL TABLE AND RINGS BELL. MERES STNDS BY THE DOOR.

CALLAN: Keep an eye out.

MERES: You don't honestly think she'll take us on?

CALLAN: She'd try anything, now. It's snowballing: the tender; her old man killing himself. She can't stop it. (HE RINGS BELL AGAIN) Bloody mess!

MERES: What's it all about?

CALLAN: If her father gets discredited his Empire crumbles. And down she goes with it.

THE BARMAN APPEARS

MERES: Is that all?

CALLAN: It's enough mate, with what she's got.

BARMAN: 'Morning, Mr. Callan.

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MERES: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Wouldn't it be nice to have a good clean fight. Just for once in a while.

THE BARMAN LOOKS AT HIM, FROWNING.

CALLAN: Bill please. His as well.

BARMAN: Both on the same one, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: Yeah, yeah! That'll do.

BARMAN: Right. Just a minute.

HE GOES.

CALLAN TURNS TO MERES.

CALLAN: Got anything upstairs?

MERES: Only a rather special tooth-brush, old boy. And my razor.

CALLAN: I'll get them .

CALLAN GOES UPSTAIRS.

THE BARMAN COMES BACK WITH THE BILL, HE GIVES IT TO MERES.

MERES: Thank you.

HE MAKES A FEW FACES THEN TAKES OUT HIS WALLET AND PAYS. JUST AS CALLAN RETURNS.

CALLAN: (TO BARMAN) How many roads out of the village?

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BARMAN: Only the one, sir. Left at the top of the High Street. The other way leads to the cliff edge,

CALLAN: Right.

MERES GRINS AT THE BARMAN AS THEY LEAVE.

33. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, DAY

CALLAN AND MERES IN JEEP.
AHEAD OF THEM A SHARP LEFT HAND CORNER.
ROUND THE CORNER A HORSE-BOX IS PARKED,
COMPLETELY BLOCKING THE ROAD.
MERES PULLS UP SHORT.
IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A BURST OF SHOT GUN
FIRE FROM BEHIND.
BOTH CALLAN AND MERES ROLL OUT.
CALLAN THEN SCUTTLES ROUND THE FRONT OF THE
JEEP TO JOIN MERES ON THE FURTHER SIDE, FROM
THE FIRING. THEY TRY TO LOCATE THE EXACT
SPOT FROM WHICH THE SHOTS ARE COMING, THEN
MERES ATTEMPTS TO DRAW THE FIRE WHILE CALLAN
CREEPS ALONG BETWEEN THE HORSE-BOX AND THE HEDGE,
CROSSES AHEAD OF THE BOX, FINDS A
A WAY THROUGH THE HEDGE AND BEGINS TO
RETURN ALONG THE FIRING SIDE UNTIL HE CAN
COVER EVA. HE THEN MOVES IN AND, WHEN
QUITE CLOSE, MAKES A DELIBERATE NOISE.
SHE TURNS, SEES HIM, LOWERS HER GUN SLOWLY.

CALLAN WALKS IN, KICKS GUN AWAY. MERES
APPROACHES FROM THE ROAD SIDE.

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34. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES SITTING. CALLAN STANDING.

HUNTER: I'm sorry gentlemen, after all that. The list was not there. At least, not recognizably. (HE LOOKS AT THEM AND SMILES) Still, you both seem to have caught the sun. (CALLAN TAKES THE ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET AND PUTS IT ON HUNTER'S DESK) What's that, Callan?

CALLAN: That, sir, is what it's all about.

HE GOES

END

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